JENNY LANE.

Sung by Wm. A. WRAY, the Celebrated Banjoist with great applause.

When I was young and in my prime,
I loved sweet Jenny Lane,
She returned her love and since that time,
She never caused me pain;

Her voice it sounds so sweet and clear,
As from her lips it came,
What thrilling notes went to my heart,
When spoke by Jenny Lane.

CHORUS

Strike the cords, sound the horn,
O, Jenny's dead and gone,
No more you'll hear that banjo straine,
Pretty Jenny Lane.

Time passed by we both grew old,
Sweet Jenny Lane and I,
She then to me her story told,
Dear Joe I'se going to die,
Her eyes grew dim as death drew near,
And sorrow with it came,
They have stole away my only dear,
My own sweet Jenny Lane.

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